

don't want our belongings to be seized by the Germans. Nor do we want to fall into their clutches ourselves. So we'll leave of our own accord and not wait to be hauled away."

"But when, Father?" He sounded so serious that I felt scared.

"Don't you worry. We'll take care of everything. just enjoy your carefree life while you can."

That was it. Oh, may these somber words not come true for as long as possible.

The doorbell's ringing, Hello's here, time to stop.

Yours,

Anne

Wednesday, July 8, 1942

Dearest Kitty,

It seems like years since Sunday morning. So much has happened

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